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JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO. 870

Poetry.

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely—but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, and Night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth
bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To stult the weary eye of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad foot the path of sorrow way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening, down the summer tide;
And leave behind us as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

Select Tale.

THE STORY OF A LETTER.

"Any letter for me to day?"
What a white face it was! yet beautiful, for
all that. Beautiful, although the bright eyes
had grown dim and lustreless, the cheek lost its
coral, the lips their crimson; beautiful, de-
spite the lines care and sorrow—not time—had
drawn across the white brow, shaded by such a
wealth of waving, sunny-brown hair. Care and
sorrow we say; yet we might have said it was
waiting that made pretty, sweet Maggie Austin
old, when but little more than a score of sum-
mers had passed over her innocent head—wait-
ing.

"Any letter for me to day?"
A dash of crimson flushed the white brow,
dyeing lips and cheeks. A sudden gleam came
into the dim eyes—weeping made them dim.
What a trembling there was of the slight form!
—what a wavering, as if between hope and de-
spair, of the rich voice!

The old postmaster took down a bundle of
letters marked "A," and looked them over
slowly. He always did when Maggie asked for
letters, although he knew well enough—sympa-
thetic old man that he was—that there was
nothing for her, and that "no" must be the an-
swer, but he let her see as long as he could.
Hadin't she come regularly every day, rain or
shine, for the last six months, with that same
question upon her lips, that question to which
a negative reply was always given—"Any let-
ter for me to day?"

Poor Maggie Austin! Every one said two
years before, when gay, dashing Hugh Austin
led her to the altar, that the young scapenger
only courted the girl's property, and when he
had obtained that, would not hesitate to cast the
sweet, trusting wife aside to suit his conveni-
ence.

Hugh Austin was poor—Maggie was an or-
phan and comparatively rich. Hugh embarked
in an unsuccessful speculation and lost all.—
Maggie said, "never mind, Hugh, we can work."
And she smiled just as sweetly as
when she said a year previous, "I am yours,
Hugh."

But poverty was stinging, and the cry of
"gold, gold," came from the fire-off mites of
California. Hugh Austin went. Every one
said he meant to desert his young wife and the
boy; that he had left them unprotected, and
what would they do? Every one said that
handsome and winning and pleasing as Hugh
was, he was a rascal after all—"every one"
said so, and "every one" believed it, except
Maggie, who, with a noble woman's trust, scorned
all the imputation and its supposed fabri-
cators.

Maggie turned away from the post office.—
What of it? She had turned away hundreds of
times with that same look of despair upon her
white face. The passers-by jostled her—she
was weak and faint. Poor Maggie! weak and
faint—yet what of it? Who cared?

"Writing home, eh?" said Charley Sum-
mers.

Hugh Austin yawned, wiped the ink from
the pen, and then replied, "Yes."

"To that dear little wife of yours, eh, Hugh?"
"Yes again, you inquisitive Charlie."

"Inquisitive, am I?" said Charles. "Well,
I'll learn the cognomen, then. Pray, how many
letters have you written the charming little wife
since you've been here?"

A crimson flush crept up over his handsome
face, as Hugh replied, "I'm ashamed to own it,
Charlie, but this is the first."

"First?" said Charles Summers, bringing
his hand down emphatically. "First! why, you're
a wretch, a most unpardonable wretch!"

"I wouldn't let anybody say that but you,"
returned Hugh Austin. "But I'll tell you how
it was; when I arrived here, I was so
bushy, and hated letter-writing so much, that I
kept putting it off day after day, week after
week, until I was ashamed to write without
sending something besides words—they won't
always pay the baker and butcher, you know.
Well, so I waited and waited, and all I could
do was to run clear myself: board high and
the miserablest luck in the world."

"And yet at a single stroke you made nearly
four hundred pounds!"

"I knew it," said Hugh. "I am a wretch—
I knew it. As you say, at a single stroke I
made four hundred. In one night I lost it all.
I was going to write to Maggie the very next

day. Then I was passing a gambling hell-
went in, drank, played, lost, and was beggar-
ed! Could I write to Maggie then? Dared I
write her after I had been in California six
months, and not send her a penny? So I wait-
ed, and so kept waiting until just now. But
when she gets this letter she'll be twenty
pounds richer, poor little puss! and then she'll
forgive me for my long silence; I know she
can't help it."

"She ought not to forgive you, Hugh," said
his companion.

"No, I know it," replied Hugh; "but dear
child, she loves me so devotedly; and I—well,
I believe I worship the very ground she walks
on, Charlie. But then—but then—"

"Mrs. Maggie Austin."—A California post-
mark, superscription in Hugh Austin's well-
known hand. Was it possible? The little old
postmaster read the address over and over—
there was no mistake, the letter had come!

"Won't she be glad—won't her eyes shine!"
Oh, it will be worth a hundred pounds to give
this to her," said the old postmaster to his
wife.

"Poor child!"
The old lady said "poor child!" and then
took up the stich she dropped.

"I'm getting so blind!" she muttered. But
I shouldn't wonder if that tear made you so,
dear old lady.

"I don't see why she don't come," said the
little old postmaster, as the afternoon wore
away, and the evening came on. "You take
the letter over Hannah—poor thing, maybe she
or the baby's ill."

"I would, John, but for my rheumatism,"
said the old lady; "but I'll mind the office a
bit—you run over—it's only a step John."

"Mercy on me, what a woman you are, Han-
nah!" said the old man; "but I'll go over
when I close the office."

"Go at once, please, John," said the old lady
coaxingly; "for I'm worried about the poor
young thing. How strange she looked yester-
day afternoon, when she said, 'Are you sure
there is nothing here for me?'"

"Yes, I saw it, Hannah," said the old man.
"And you know I asked after the baby,"
continued his wife, "and she said, 'not very
well, I think you, but it will be better to-mor-
row.'"

"Poor thing!" said the old postmaster.

Rap, rap, rap.
The winds were whispering softly among the
lilacs in front of Maggie Austin's window.—
The stars were up in the sky, and the moon
looked down with pale, sad face upon the lit-
tle lone postmaster, as he stood at Maggie Aus-
tin's door.

Rap, rap, rap. But there came no answer.
"It can't be that she's asleep," thought the
old man.

Ah, but Maggie was asleep! Heaven forgive
her—for those who sleep thus never wake
again. Life had been too weary! Oh, Mag-
gie, with your dear baby clasped upon your
breast! Oh, Maggie, if you had hoped but one
day more!

"Any letter for me to-day?"
It was Hugh Austin who asked the question.
"A strange handwriting—but my own bet-
ter, and two locks of bright hair! What can it
mean?"

Hugh Austin's face was very pale, as he
read in the handwriting of the postmaster:—
"Take back your letter—it came too late;
they are both dead! Heaven forgive you, your
negligence killed them! Here is a lock of your
wife's and baby's hair. They are buried in one
grave. Heaven forgive you! Oh if your letter
had come one day sooner, or if Maggie had but
hoped and waited one day more!"

Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all
his transactions thro' life. He amassed a large
fortune by untiring industry and punctuality;
and at the advanced age of ninety years was
resting quietly on his bed, and calmly waiting
to be called away. He had deliberately made
almost every arrangement for his decease and
burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of
his life seemed just flickering in its sockets
when one of his sons observed:

"Father, you will probably live but a day or
two; is it not well for you to name your bear-
ers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man.
"It is well thought of, and I will do it now."
He gave the names of six, the usual number
and sunk back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered
features like a ray of light, and he rallied once
more. "My son read me the list. Is the name
of Mr. Higgins there?"

"It is, father."

"Then strike it off!" said he emphatically,
"for he was never punctual—was never any-
where in season, and he might hinder the pro-
cession a whole hour."

An Irish lady, in her will, ordered her
body to be burned after her death, as she was
afraid of being buried alive.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those
we love by drying the tears of others than by
shedding our own; and the fairest funeral
wreath we can hang on these tombs is a fruit-
offering of good deeds.

The Baffled Lawyer.

At a late sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case
was brought before the court, in which the prin-
cipal witness for the defence was a tanner, well
known in the surrounding country by the sobri-
quet of "Crazy Pat."

Upon Crazy Pat being called for his evidence
the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the
utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicanery,
in the endeavor to force the witness into some
inconsistency, upon which he might build a
point; but he was excessively annoyed to find
that Crazy Pat's evidence was consistent
throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to
answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and
Blackstone betook himself to that ofttime suc-
cessful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he in-
quired, slyly.

"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but—"
"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title;
quite romantic, eh?"

"Romantic or not, sur, it wadn't be a bad
idea if the Parliament wad give it to yourself,
an' leave me to chuse another."

This caused a slight laugh in the court room,
and the presiding judge peeped over his specta-
cles at the attorney, as much as to say, "you
have your match now."

"And what did you say your trade was?"
continued the disconcerted barrister, with an
angry look at the witness.

"I'm a tanner, sur."

"A tanner, eh? And how long do you think
it would take to tan an ox hide?"

"Well, sur, that's entirely owin' to circum-
stances."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?"

"An ass? No, sur; but if you'll just step
down the lane, after the court, I'll show ye I
could tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end
of three minutes."

The Queen and Princess Helena.

The domestic life of Queen Victoria has been
much disturbed of late, in consequence of the
proposed marriage of her third daughter, the
Princess Helena, an accomplished young lady
who resembles her mother in appearance and
character more than any other of her children.

It is generally believed in London that the
Princess Helena was much pleased with the at-
tention of a young English nobleman, and this
fact was sufficient to make her speedy alliance
with a member of some of the royal families of
Europe a necessity in order to prevent the deep-
ening of her affection for a person whom she
would not be permitted to marry, the members
of the royal family in England not being at
liberty to marry outside of other royal families.

Now there seems to be two candidates in the
field.—The crown prince of Denmark, who is
supported by his sister, the Princess of Holland
and the prince of Orange, who is quite a fash-
ionable and handsome young fellow, more ac-
ceptable to the young lady than the Danish
prince but less agreeable to the queen on ac-
count of his fondness for life in Paris, and his
general rapidity. But the Prince's mother, the
queen of Holland being one of the most learned
as well as maneuvering sovereign ladies of
Europe, has just paid a visit to London in order
to effect the desired alliance which must be very
popular in Holland. She telegraphed for her
son to join her there, and all was believed to be
settled. But Queen Victoria's scruples in re-
gard to the young man's frivolous disposition
have once more revived, and it will require all
the diplomatic genius of the Dutch queen great
as it is, to overcome these objections. At the
same time the king of Holland, who being the
mental inferior of his wife, tries to revenge him-
self by thwarting her schemes in every possible
way, wants his son to become the husband of
the daughter of the blind king of Hanover. It
is probable, however, that the prince of Orange
will eventually carry off his Helena, and in
England the alliance would, no doubt, be look-
ed upon more favorably than the addition of
another German prince to the royal family.

Make Your Course Young Men.

The man who starts in pursuit of fortune with-
out carefully surveying the ground and laying
down his line of march before-hand, is a reckless
Absalom, who is pretty sure to be caught by the
thorns of speculation, and left helplessly strug-
gling in their midst, a ridiculous spectacle to all
right-thinking men. Map your course, young
men, before you set forth on your business jour-
ney.

Experience is, no doubt, a capital teacher,
but her lessons are bitter; and if you begin life
with a cool head, an honest purpose, a dauntless
spirit, and fixed principles and rules of conduct
of the right kind, you will be all the more likely
to escape the lash of that hard task-mistress.

Lay your course straight in the beginning, and
stick to it as closely as you can in storm and sun-
shine.

Too Much Chalk.—An old lady who was mak-
ing some jam was called away by a neighbor.
"Sam, you rascal," said she to the little darkey
chore boy, "you'll be eating my jam when I'm
away." Sam protested he'd die first, but the
whites of his eyes rolled hungrily towards the
bubbling cauldron. "See here Sam," said the old
lady, "I'll chalk you up and then when I come
back I'll know if you've eaten any. So saying
she passed her forehead heavily over the thick
lips of the darkey, holding the chalk in the palm
of her hand, and not letting it touch him. When
she came back she did not need to ask questions
for Sam's lips were chalked a quarter of an inch
thick.

A BOUNTY CHALK.—"Father, what makes Ben,
our milk-maid, walk so funny?"

"Why, Milly, you see, he froze his feet so
badly one day that the doctors had to cut all his toes
off."

"Indeed, father, then why is Ben like a well-
known and mean-spirited soldier?"

"Really, my child, I don't know, can't think."

"Why, don't you see?—he is a no-toe-nous
coward, Ben is."

"Milly, Milly, child—you'll get married some
day."

French Wives.

French laws and customs respecting marriage,
although they cannot erase and obliterate the na-
tural distinction of sex, confer complete equality
and fraternity. A Frenchwoman is not only a
wife at bed and board, she is also a partner in
business and a joint proprietor, without whose
consultation and consent no important step can
be taken. She knows when a bill is due, as well
as, or better than, her husband. She can consent
to, or forbid, her children's marriage. She never
sinks her maiden name, but attaches it to that of
her spouse in a form very little differing from
that of commercial associations. Mr. White starts
a concern with Mr. Black; they announce their
joint undertaking as White and Black. M.
White married to Mlle. Black are known to the
world as White-Black. A hyphen, or an and,
makes all the difference. The same kind of com-
plicity also frequently occurs—quite as a matter
of course, existing in the nature of things—in the
talked tales, in the books read, in the songs lis-
tened to, and in the double meanings laughed at
jointly by a Frenchman and his wife. But while
the laws of property and marriage do all they can
to rivet the chains of matrimony, there are other
influences which work in an opposite direction.
Thus, moments of repulsion are sure to occur be-
tween a girl firmly grounded in a religion of ritu-
als, scrupulous of small observances, and looking
no further, and a man who believes few religious
dogmas, or, if he admits their spirit, will not be
lettered by their letter. But above every other
cause likely to prove the germ of future estrange-
ment is the way in which French matches are
made. Many of the French themselves are
far from being satisfied on this head, and have
even the boldness to quote with approbation the
advantages offered by the English system as far
as happiness is concerned.—All the Year Round.

The Proud Man.

A proud man is a sort of fermentation, that
swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He
sets out his feathers like an owl, and swells
and seems bigger than he is. He is troubled with
a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, that
renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He
has given himself sympathetic love-power, that
works upon him to dotage, and has transformed him
into his own mistress, and he makes most passion-
ate addresses to his own dear perfection. He is
his own favorite, and advances himself not only
above his merit, but all mankind. He gives place
to no man but himself, and that with very great
distance to all others, whom he esteems not wor-
thy to approach him. He believes whatever he
has received to have a value in being his; as a
horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater
price than in a common market. He is as hard
to be acquainted with himself as with others, for
he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows
himself only superficially. He strives to look
bigger than himself, as well as others, and is no
better than his own parasite and flatterer.—But-
ler.

Strength of Materials.

It is a remarkable fact that one of the most
abundant materials in nature—iron—is the
strongest of all known substances. Made into
steel, a rod one-fourth of an inch in diam-
eter will sustain 9,000lbs. before breaking; tin
steel, 7,000lbs.; iron wire, 6,000lbs.; bar iron,
4,000lbs.; inferior bar iron, 2,000lbs.; cast iron,
1,000lbs. to 3,000lbs.; copper wire, 3,000lbs.;
silver, 2,000lbs.; gold, 2,500lbs.; tin, 300lbs.;
cast zinc, 160lbs.; sheet zinc, 1,000lbs.; cast
lead, 50lbs.; melted lead, 200lbs. Of wood, box
and locust, the same size, will hold 1,200lbs.;
the toughest oak, 1,000lbs.; elm, 800lbs.; beech,
cedar, white oak, pitch pine, 800lbs.; chestnut
and soft maple, 650lbs.; poplar, 400lbs. Wood
or which will bear a very heavy weight for a minute
or two will break with two thirds the force actu-
ally long time. A rod of iron about ten inches
above sea as a hempen cable. A rope an inch in
diameter will bear about 25 tons, but in practice
it is not safe to subject it to a strain of more than
about one ton. Half an inch in diameter, the
strength will be one quarter as much; a quarter
of an inch, one sixteenth, and so on.

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day."

There was a wicked boy who, when he
was told that the best cure for the palpitation of
the heart was to kiss the girl, said, "If that
is the only reason for palpitation, I say, let
her palp!"

Items Foreign & Local.

A rural gentleman entered a Harford bank
last week, much excited with the idea of a run on
the institution, and demanded a withdrawal of
his funds. On examination the sum due him
was found to be \$2.12.

St. John Globe of the 7th inst. says, among
the strangers in town we observe Charles Mackay,
L. L. D., at present of the London Times.

Gold has been discovered by some workmen ex-
cavating City street, Halifax.

Southerners are said to abound in New York
City just now, the hotels being filled with them.

The Pope recently presented a Spanish lady
with his favorite crucifix of ivory and ebony,
"brought back with him from exile," in ex-
change for one she gave him worth \$2000.

Upwards of fifty thousand Southerners have
got in readiness to emigrate to Brazil, and have
sent agents there to report on the advantages of-
fered. Should their report be favorable many
more will go.

As a specimen of early marriages, none is more
remarkable than that of one of the Duke's sons
at Indore lately. The bridegroom is only six
years old and the bride three years old. The
head ornaments of one of the elephants was made
of pure gold. A salute of two hundred and ten
guns announced to the people the union of the
happy pair.

The New Orleans Picayune says it is a cruel
mockery to express an expectation that any of
the great states of the State will soon be produ-
cing a surplus of wheat for exportation. The
year before the war. The man who exports
wheat from the next twenty-five years to see
400,000 hogsheads of sugar and 400,000 bales of
cotton produced in Louisiana, under the present
state of agriculture, has had the good fortune
to win a sanguine man.

A remarkable exhibition of learned birds, train-
ed by Miss Van de Meer, is at feature of the Lon-
don amusements of the day. The birds are from
Java and Japan, and appear rather to the intelli-
gence than the wonder of their audience. With
the assistance of a box of cards, properly inven-
ted, they tell the time by a watch, the month, the
color of ladies' dresses, the names of various
other matters, which excite among the mirth and
the approbation of the audience.

Captain Patten Sanders, a Russian gentleman
who is engaged in the States for his Government
in arranging the plan for an overland Asiatic line
of telegraph to America, has had the good fortune
to win a thousand pounds in bets that he has
made about the Atlantic telegraph. His bet was
\$400 to \$1,000 that within two months the entire
line of telegraph to America, by the cable would occur
for at least twenty-four hours.

Some speculators have secured the ashes resulting
from the burning of the tobacco at the evacuation
of Richmond, and shipped it North to be used as
a fertilizer, for which it is equal to guano. One
shipment took away five thousand four hundred
bushels.

The statistics of the Quartermaster's Depart-
ment in the army go to prove that each individ-
ual consumes about two and a quarter pounds of
dry food daily, about three-fourths vegetable and
one-fourth animal, making an annual consumption
of about 800 lbs. Of fluids, including every
variety of beverage, he swallows about 1500 lbs.

A polite young man gave up his seat at the
Paris opera a wealthy old lady who soon died
and remembered the courtesy to the amount of
100,000 francs.

A hailstorm in the vicinity of Mount Sterling,
Wisconsin, has just destroyed thirty thousand
dollars worth of crops. Hailstones were seen
which measured six or eight inches in circumfer-
ence.

A black walnut tree has been discovered twenty
feet below the surface, at Cedar Falls, Iowa.—
An old settler for a new country.

The British Cabinet.—The present cabinet
consists of 15 members, of whom the oldest is
Lord Palmerston, who is 81 years of age; the
youngest, Earl de Grey, who is only 35. The
sum of the ages of the 15 is 907, or an average
of about 60 1/2 years. Earl de Grey is the only one
under 40 years of age. Between 40 and 50 there
are the Duke of Devonshire, who is 42, Earl Gran-
ville is exactly 50, and between that age and 60
there are three—namely, Mr. Cardwell 52, Mr.
Gladstone 56, and Mr. Gibson 58. Between 60
and 70 we find much the greater number—in
fact, six, or nearly one-half of the cabinet. These
are the Duke of Somerset 61, Mr. Villiers 62,
Lord Stanley of Alderley 63, Sir Charles Wood
and Lord Clarendon 65, and Sir George Grey 66.
Between 70 and under 80 there are two—Earl
Russell 73, and the Lord Chancellor (Lord Cran-
worth) 75. Lord Palmerston alone enjoys the
distinction of being an octogenarian.

Great Athletic feat.—One of the most won-
derful and interesting performances in the way of
athletic and muscular feats took place at the
Capitoline Ball Grounds, Brooklyn. A recently
vested athlete undertook to perform the follow-
ing feats in the space of half an hour, which he
accomplished without fatigue. Hill, the noted
athlete of this city, was appointed referee. The
performance comprised the following feats:—

	Min.	Sec.
Walk half a mile.....	4	31
Trundle wheel half mile.....	3	30
Walk back wards half mile.....	7	00
Run half mile.....	3	30
Pick twenty stones one yard apart.....	3	00
Hoist fifty yards.....	0	15
Leap ten hurdles.....	1	30
Run up a hill.....	2	15
Throw forty half-bricks weights over his head.....	2	15
Total.....	29	52

Mr. Sheffield thus accomplished his perform-
ance, having eight seconds to spare. The let-
ting of the stones and eggs were singly, one yard
apart, and were brought to the starting place in
a straight line.—N. Y. Times, Aug. 30th.

Another Borgia.—A letter from Hamilton,
Canada, says that a woman named Perkins, wife
of a respectable well-to-do farmer, near Brant-
ford, U. C., finding herself upon her death bed,
sent for a clergyman and confessed that she had
at different periods of her life committed six mur-
ders and all by poison. At first it was imagined
that she was delirious, but subsequent inquiry
has afforded ample corroboration of the poor
wretch's statement. She said that she had a
mania for destroying human life, and it was only
by the greatest self-restraint that she could keep
her from secretly poisoning all persons with
whom she was on terms of friendship. She had,
however, poisoned four children and two adults,
and what makes the matter still more revolting
is the fact that two of the former were her own
children, and one of the latter her first husband.
The children were murdered in England and the
adults in Canada.

SKILL IN NAVIGATION